

Aye look, my mama was a hustler, my daddy not so much  
I grew up where if you look suspicious they called ya bluff  
Powder puffs couldn't make it in the concrete jungle  
If you found stumbling then they pull up right around yo' bumper  
And make you run it all  
For no reason like Forest Gump and get the gun involved  
If you get to thinking you tough, I swear, it's protocol  
They feening for reasons to bust and they don't know no laws  
Other than keeping it tucked in they drawers or they britches  
'Cause a ditch can always find you if you slippin' or you trippin'  
Without a map, let me guide you down the road less traveled  
Don't let that gravel define you 'cause it's plenty folk that made it  
Down the path they had been assigned to at birth  
Worth in the earth ain't determined by ya girth  
No matter how big ya get we all gon' end up in dirt  
Rehearse all that hurt and you'll end up with a purse  
Of digits that only make you livid when they're dispersed  
Into your cellular device, try to play it wise  
That is a hell of a disguise that you wear across your eyes  
Like a bandit, candid  
Pictures only show that you've been standin', slanted  
In someone's vision that leaves you stranded, and with  
Nothing to show for all the demanding, bandwidth  
Used, in hopes you get approved  
By a dude who's confused on exactly what to do  
With ya royalty, loyalty  
Can often cost you buoyancy  
When it's connected to folk that's drowning  
Choose love that constantly keeps you grounded  
And don't join the circus if you ain't clownin'

This is for the bozos who don't know  
This is for the bozos in this hoe  
This is for the bozos who don't know  
Don't join the circus if you ain't a clown

Hold up, they just say really having thangs  
Is more than diamond embezzled rollie faces and pinky rangs  
And foreign cars that sit in garage you barely could drive  
Living for materials ain't really living yo' life  
There's a fine line between give and take, you do what you love  
Don't let them make you love what you hate  
I've been where you been, collecting yo' ends  
Too busy lookin' out where you can't see the glow that's within you  
Bruce Leeroy, sho nuff, yo' mind is a ginsu, chop up that soul food  
Like granny used to grow in the backyard when you rolled through  
Remember the time you spent when life was sit down and listen to the breeze  
The whistle of simplicities that echo off the trees  
Not the ones that choke, but the ones that help you breathe  
Inhale, exhale that slow, that gave you hope  
That one day you'd escape and have to save yo' folk  
Like there's much more to life than struggling and hustling backwards  
Reverse all that nonsense, become a roadmaster  
Because they say so don't mean that you have to  
They speeding through life, don't mean you go faster  
Pump pump ya breaks, tell ya people you love 'em  
No time to waste, give 'em roses in public

'Cause it's cool like that, it's cool like that, I swear  
It's cool like that, it's cool like that to care

This is for the bozos who don't know  
This is for the bozos in this hoe  
This is for the bozos who don't know  
Don't join the circus if you ain't a clown

Mmm mmm, if you ain't a clown  
Mmm mmm, sit down  
Yeah, if you ain't a clown  
Mmm mmm mmm, sit down  
Sit down, sit down, sit down  
If you ain't a clown  
Sit down, sit down, sit down  
If you ain't a clown